

A Modern "Flying Dutchman"



PHANTOMS of the deep—strange shapes that come in the darkness on missions of terror and death—these are among the visions that haunt the brain of every old sailor man. It is when the few remaining sailing vessels come into port from their long voyages that these tales are usually forthcoming. The bark Annie M. Reid of New York is the last vessel to bring in a tale of mystery.

"We were standing by the mizzen topsail halliards when the shackle broke and the yards crashed down," said the sailor who told the story.

"We came up into the wind and hove to, and it was at that moment that we saw the strange trader—at least we thought it was a trader, probably to the Western Islands, of which we were. We signaled for help, for we did not know how we were coming out of the squall. The strange steamship—a tramp we took her to be—was not more than an eighth of a mile away, but she made no reply whatever and kept right on her course. If there had been anybody alive on the tramp he certainly would have seen us, as there was no fog to interfere. There are only two things to think of, either every soul on board was dead or we had seen one of those phantom ships they tell about. It couldn't have been a warning of death, however, for we came out of it all right."

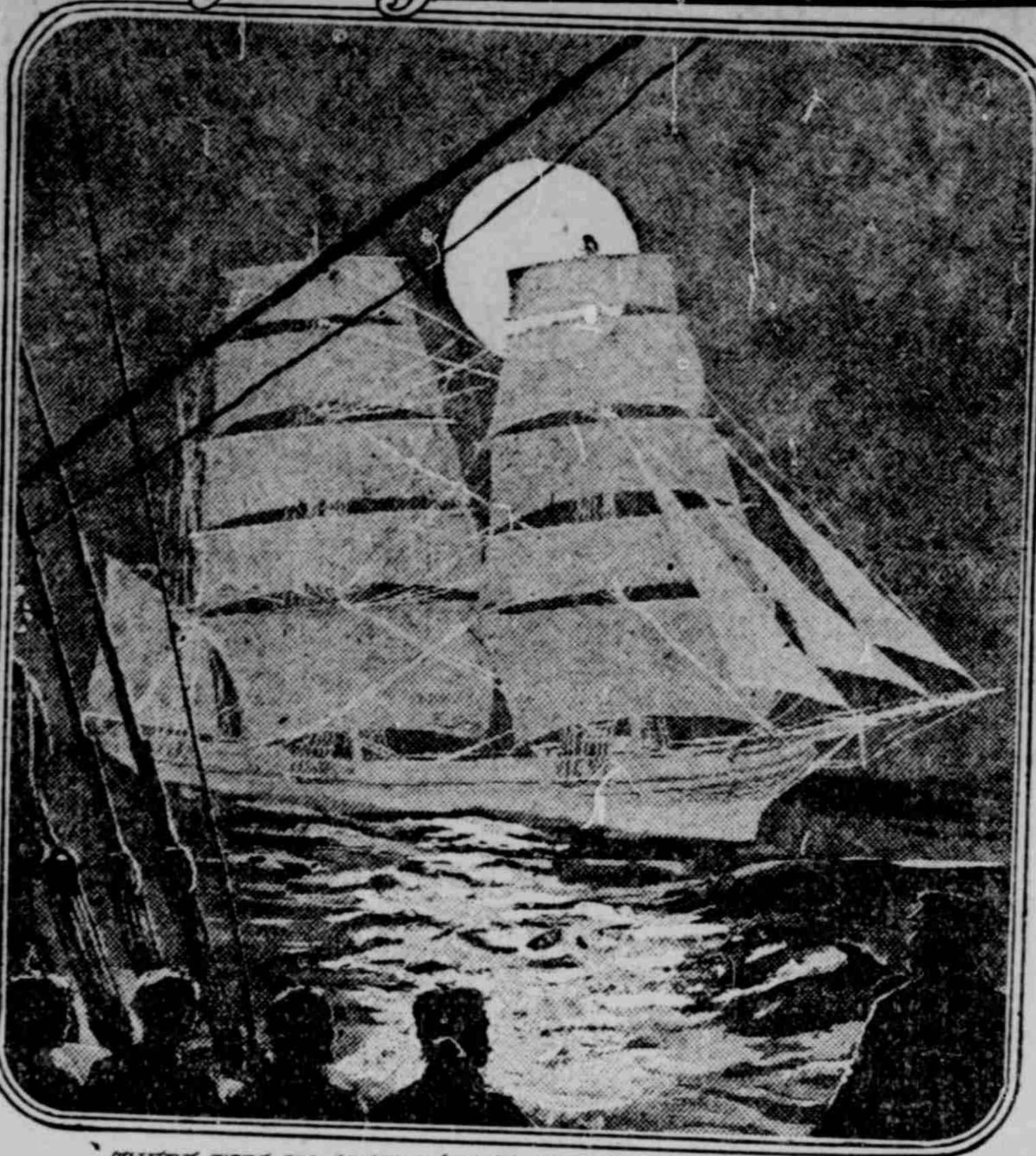
A ship that sails by in the moonlight and does not answer when spoken, nor show any light or sign of life on board, is an even stranger apparition of the deep than those many phantom vessels which have loomed upon the sight of sailor men from out the fog or darkness. The crew of the Hengist, out of Liverpool, Captain Thearston of Liverpool in command, once saw such a specter. Capt. J. C. Norton, who was first officer of the bark Hengist, when the phantom ship passed her by, tells the story of the weird vision:

"It was in the Indian ocean that we saw her—the strange ship that I have never forgotten," said Captain Norton. "We were out of Calcutta, bound for New York, and although there was a haze the moon shone and the haze was so light that we could see perfectly well across the water. The haze was just enough to make a nice, pretty silvery veil that made everything look sort of mysterious and interesting without closing us in at all."

"There were no lights on the vessel and we couldn't see a soul on board. We spoke to her, but she didn't answer. She passed right under our stern about a biscuit's toss away, and we thought she was going to foul us. She was so near that we could feel the wind of her sails as she passed, but not a sign did she make to all our signaling—just sailed away into the hazy moonlight. Next day we had a terrible gale, one of the worst that I remember while I was at sea, and everybody thought the phantom ship had come to give warning. Way we should have been favored I don't know; but, of course, there is always a reason why those ships are seen by one vessel and not by others. Sometimes they mean harm for everybody on board, and sometimes they come simply to give a friendly warning. There was one man on board who believed that our phantom ship came to warn us of the gale because her captain had been a friend of our own captain, and when his ship went down with all on board he continued to haunt the sea. Naturally as he felt friendly, he would show himself or his ship before a storm. I can't say I believed all that myself. All that I know was that the phantom ship did come just as I've described it."

One of the most thrilling tales of the fateful appearance of phantom ships is told by a retired first mate, who in his youth sailed under Capt. John Stebbins on the steel tramp Marietta, bound from Madeira to Brazil. "Captain Stebbins was a bluff, direct, matter-of-fact person," said the mate, "and he had little tolerance for what he declared was merely superstition, so the crew were not apt to speak over loud of their supernatural experiences. That they had them, however, was sure enough, and as I was a bit more approachable than most men in my position, they were very wont to tell their stories to me. There was one fellow among them named Gould, whom I could not help watching because of the strained and almost hunted look on his face. I made friends with him on purpose to get at the reason for his queer look and one day when I caught him white and shuddering on the forward deck I got it out of him."

"It seemed that a couple of years before he had been on the bridge of a passenger vessel running between Kingston and New York when they



THERE WAS NO SIGN OF LIFE ON THE PHANTOM SHIP

had run down a ship in a fog. The ship had gone down with all on board before anything could be done to save them, and this man had seen the last of her crew leaning over the side and cursing at him horribly, just before he was sucked into the water.

"He promised to find me out and to do for me wherever I should go," said the shuddering wretch, "and he'll do it, too. I look for him every night and I know he'll get me before long."

"I warned him to keep quiet about his fears and not mention his story to Captain Stebbins nor to any of the crew, for as luck would have it, with such a captain, we had on board about as superstitious a lot as I have ever seen. Italians most of them, and so bound to tell their stories of apparitions that the captain had already caught one of them at it and had him flogged as an example to the others."

"My man didn't look any more contented as the days passed and I caught him more than once whispering with some of the Italians. I asked him what they were talking about and at first he mumbled that it was nothing, but at last he admitted that the sailors had several of them seen strange sights during the night watch. They all decided that again and again they had seen a figure with wildly waving arms appear from the darkness. The man was always cursing horribly, but he was gone in a second and they could not tell exactly what he said."

"I tried to comfort Gould with the idea that since the man had not appeared to him there was no reason that he should regard the apparition as that of the man he had run down, but he would not let this ease his mind in the slightest. It was just the night after our conversation when he was on watch that the climax of the thing came."

"I heard a terrific scream from the bridge, and so did everybody else on board. I was the first up there, but the poor fellow, who was whiter than any human being I have ever seen, could not tell me what had happened before Captain Stebbins had run up on the bridge and was shaking him, declaring that he had a relapse of the fever, which he all knew he had suffered after coming off the voyage when he had run down a vessel."

"The fellow had been too much startled, however, this time to be managed even by Captain Stebbins."

"I did see him," he declared, "and he was cursing and waving his arms at me just as he did when he went down. The ship came up just like it did before out of the fog. There it was all of a sudden a great gray thing, and there was he waving his arms and screaming curses at me. And then we kept right on, running straight through the ship."

"That was all of it, and so far as I know he never saw the apparition again and he had no more hard times than fall to the lot of most sailors. But here was the remarkable part of the thing. If he had been the only one to know that anything strange had happened, then you might think it just the figment of a brain overwrought with fever. But it wasn't only his scream that brought captain and crew running to his side. Just at the time when he saw the phantom ship and as our own vessel went through it, every man on board felt a peculiar sensation. It was something like an earthquake and something like the shock that might come from running a vessel down."

It was on board the Marianne Nottebohm, a freighter sailing between

New York and Liverpool, that a specter appeared with such persistency that for a long time, until the vision vanished forever, no member of the crew ever consented to make a second voyage. The Nottebohm was one of the old Liverpool packet ships, which carried steerage passengers as well as freight. During one of her previous voyages the captain and several of her crew had had a terrific struggle, in the course of which the captain had been so injured that he had died as a result of his wounds. No matter what the skeptical might say, crew after crew which shipped on the Marianne Nottebohm after this tragedy left the vessel at the end of the voyage swearing that every night a spectral figure appeared from the pilot house and wandered over the vessel, seeking everywhere apparently for something or somebody.

There was a terrific storm one night and the apparition was for once in a way pretty well forgotten in the more pressing perils of the moment. The night was very black and no one felt any too secure as they slipped on through the darkness. Suddenly they felt the ship come about so swiftly that they knew something strange must have happened.

"Unusual as it was," said Capt. F. C. Norton, who tells the story, "we could not stop to find out about it that night, for every man was too hot on his own part of the work to pay much attention to any other's."

"After everything was all over and we could take time to talk about it the next day the helmsman told us that a spectral figure he had at first thought to be the captain had stood beside him, showing him how to lay his course. It was not until the helmsman had handled a charm his daughter had given him that he discovered his visitor was a spirit. The power of the wrath was broken at that and the helmsman put about just in time to avoid an uncharted reef the spectre had evidently been guiding him onto."

"But the Swede and his Italian mate must have seen something of the vision that night, also, for in the morning they looked like dying men and they could not be persuaded to ship again for the next voyage. Afterward we heard that they had been members of the crew which attacked the former captain of the Marianne. No doubt the murdered captain came back looking for some of his old assailants and when he found them sought to drive the vessel on the reef."

Cecil Rhodes's Eggs.

Cecil Rhodes used to take a coop of hens on board to provide fresh eggs on his numerous voyages between England and South Africa. But those were three weeks' journeys, and not a mere five-day crossing of the Atlantic. Hence another prominent South African personage was asked why he did not follow Rhodes's example and provide himself with the luxury of new-laid eggs at sea. "Oh, I don't bother to take a coop of fowls on board," he replied, "but I tip the boys who look after Rhodes's hens, and I get Rhodes's eggs."

Had Right to Select Place.

"Bobby, my son," exclaimed the dismayed mother as she saw all her boy's belongings stacked in a corner of the closet, "haven't I tried over and over to teach you that you should have a place for everything?" "Yes, mother," said the boy cheerfully, "and this is the place."

Or You May Go Hungry.

Don't trust the fellow who wants to borrow money for breakfast with the promise of taking you out to dinner, serves. He frequents the edges of the irrigating ditches, with their cool soil, their varied vegetation, a favorite haunt of the mollusk. Here he treats the game on the ground and, under these conditions, it is easy for me to rear him at home and to follow the operator's performance down to the smallest detail.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

An Old Man Wearing Army Button Shines Shoes

WASHINGTON.—Have you seen him? And did you have to swallow a lump? Maybe you have missed him, so far, for he doesn't stay put. His business requires circulation. And, besides, you can't stay still in November when you have no overcoat. You've just naturally got to keep going.

Yesterday he was down by the soldiers' monument—an army button on his coat and a shoe brush in his hand—waiting and waiting—until Providence came by in the shape of a man with one of those loud, cheery voices that God gives to many men, but which only Dickens could describe.

"Why, bless my soul! Where did you get that old kit? Give me a shine."

He put a foot on the small shoe-shine box. Remember when the kiddies used to shine 'em up on the streets? Gee, it's a long time back! And the other man creaked his joints into a crouch and proceeded to put on a polish.

To a woman who had happened along it did not seem probable that a customer wearing as good clothes as a tailor can make would really enjoy having his shoes smeared over with blacking that you can bet your life wasn't Day & Martin's, or that he wanted them scratched up with a cheap brush by a wavering hand. Still, you can't always rely on the sex suppositions of a spinster soul whose only knowledge of man has been of the mail—note the spelling, please—mail correspondence variety. Anyhow, whatever his reason, the man put one foot and then the other on the box and told the other man about how he used to be a bootblack—before the shoe-shine kiddies vanished with the coming of the asphalt. And did it pay? And wouldn't it be better to get something more profitable and sheltered from the weather—a watchman's place, for instance? Any man who had fought for a flag ought to be fit to guard a store.

The woman had to leave them there, so that she can never know how the job turned out, but—

If you don't come across an old man with a gone-by shoe box on his back, waiting around for a chance to shine 'em up, you may know that he's got a job as a watchman.

Congressman Finds His Boyhood's Wish Fulfilled

REPRESENTATIVE CLAUDE WEAVER of Oklahoma finds in his coming to congress the fulfillment of a wish expressed ever since he was nine years old. At that age he began his diary with the statement that he was hours on his hands, decided to go out in the suburbs and rehearse his oration. He selected a secluded spot on the road along which ran a long, high brick wall, with a gate at the end. Weaver did not know it, but this was the state lunatic asylum.

Up and down the road he paced, talking most vehemently, gesticulating wildly to an imaginary determined to be one of the nation's representatives. And ever since then he has worked with this object in view.

Weaver settled in Oklahoma when there were few white people living there. But in one of his trips in Texas, to deliver a political speech, he had an adventure which seemed at the time much more serious than it does now. He reached the town to which he was billed and, as he had a few audience, shaking his head and pounding one hand upon the other. People who passed shook their heads sadly.

Presently, as he neared the great iron gate, four uniformed men rushed out, grabbed him by the arms and legs and carried him, kicking and fighting, inside the grounds. Weaver, choking with rage, demanded an explanation of such an outrage.

"Aw, g'wan!" chortled one of the brawny guards, setting Weaver on his feet with a jerk. "What you handing us—we knows you is one of them bugs outen ward C."

"Lunatic?" yelled Weaver, who now saw into what spot he had landed. "Lunatic? Why, I am a politician and expect to go to congress!"

"Well," drawled the guard, with a grin, "I don't know but what you've got to just the same kind of place now!"

Senator Went to Capitol Only Half Dressed

THEY are telling this story on John R. Thornton, senator from Louisiana. Thornton arose absent-mindedly, dressed himself fully, he thought, and went into the dining room of his hotel for breakfast. The head waiter grinned at him a bit, but the senator, who was in a hurry, failed to notice it.

He just caught a street car bound for the capitol and plumped himself between Postmaster General Burleson and Edward Keating, representative from Colorado.

"See you're dressed for hot weather," commented the postmaster. Senator Thornton, attired in white linen, nodded his head complacently.

"Yes," he said; "we of the south learn to do that." And he wondered why his hearers smiled in an embarrassed manner.

When he reached the senate office building the elevator man said:

"Good morning, senator. I see you're prepared for the heat."

This rather puzzled Senator Thornton, for he always wears linen in summer. The explanation of it all came when his son Gordon, who is also his secretary, saw him.

"Say, father," he yelled as Senator Thornton entered his office. "What on earth did you do with your collar?"

Thornton grabbed at his neck wildly. He had on neither collar nor tie. He hustled his son back on the hotel for the necessary articles of raiment and then sat down and wrote apologies to both the postmaster and Mr. Keating, telling them that he hadn't intentionally gone downtown in the street car with them half dressed; it was only an oversight.

"I intend to talk to that waiter in the hotel," he moaned, sadly. "Why didn't he tell me I was only half dressed?"

Representative Slemple Finds an Agent of Cupid

REPRESENTATIVE BASCOM SLEMP of Virginia was until recently a bachelor. A few years ago, however, when he was "heart whole and fancy free," he was speaking to a large assembly at a political gathering. The audience was full of handsome women and pretty girls who were, of course, much interested in the tariff when it is explained by a young bachelor who lived in official Washington.

Slemple got along famously, carrying with him the sympathy of the crowd. But at last a fellow in a back seat rose to make a statement.

"I like Slemple," he roared. "Slemple all right. The only thing I have agin him is that he is not married. Now, I propose to this honorable gathering that we refuse to vote for him unless he promises to git married."

Slemple was equal to the occasion.

"I acknowledge my desolate state," he exclaimed, "yet it is not my fault, but that of the fair ones who will not have me. If there is any one among the many lovely ladies in this audience who will accept my heart and hand, I am only too willing to be led to the altar."

The man jumped to his feet again excitedly.

"No, you don't," he exclaimed. "You'll have to go to foreign parts to git your bride—all the girls around here have got too much sense to take you!"

HAPPENINGS IN INDIANA

Shirley.—Samuel Hadley committed suicide by shooting himself.

Kendallville.—D. A. G. Coyner, board of health secretary, has held the office for 23 years.

Springport.—An election will be held here soon to determine the question of incorporating as a town.

Nashville.—Brown county Democrats will hold their primary to name a county ticket January 24.

Evansville.—Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Schu have celebrated their golden wedding anniversary.

Bedford.—A committee has been named to draft a constitution and by-laws for the Lawrence County Historical association.

Bedford.—Leroy Stevens has sued the Ohio & Western Lime company for \$10,000, alleging injuries while in its employ.

Terre Haute.—Oswald DeRossey, a Porto Rican student at a veterinary college, homesick, shot and killed himself in his home here.

Waynetown.—Walter Harvey has sued the T. H. I. & E. Traction company for \$10,000, alleging injuries when run down by a car last summer.

Petersburg.—Hurley Cleman, twenty years old, who has disappeared from his home here, is said to have passed a number of worthless checks.

Nashville.—James M. Moore, sixty-eight years old, is in jail on complaint of his wife, who says he attempted to shoot her.

Cromwell.—James Burwell, Jr., has filed suit for \$10,000 for injuries sustained when he was run down by an auto driven by Albert Addis.

Evansville.—First District Progressives will hold their convention here January 20. Charles Finley Smith will probably be re-elected chairman.

Petersburg.—Pike county commissioners have elected Will Chew road superintendent; Dr. E. Bell of Winslow, health board secretary, and S. W. Dillin, attorney.

Sullivan.—Numerous robberies have caused the employment of a night patrolman. Merchants have been ordered to maintain a light in the rear of their stores.

Evansville.—Friends of William Wilson, serving a penitentiary term for shooting William Walters of Paducah, Ky., will ask his pardon at the next meeting of the board.

Covington.—The Fountain county commissioners have appointed former Commissioner James A. Copeland road superintendent, the position paying five dollars a day.

Terre Haute.—Sales of Red Cross seals in Vigo county aggregated \$1,550, according to the report of Helen Renbridge, who had charge of the distribution.

Bluffton.—Wells county commissioners have chosen John E. Markley road superintendent and George Mock as county attorney to succeed Frank C. Dailey, appointed United States district attorney.

Brazil.—Lewis McNutt entertained the Clay County Bar association at a banquet in honor of his father, Judge James A. McNutt, celebrating the latter's seventy-fifth birth anniversary, and fortieth year as a member of the bar.

Goshen.—Harvey Swoveland, forty-five years old, a well-to-do farmer, for the second time defeated efforts of his wife to send him to Longfellow asylum. He was given into the care of his brother and sister. Up to date Swoveland has had three guardians.

Terre Haute.—William Locke, aged seventy, for a third of a century cashier of the local branch of the American Distilling company, married Miss Ray Conkling at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Jane Johnson, in Connersville. The first Mrs. Locke was a sister of the bride, who is sixty-three.

South Bend.—Announcement was made of the founding of scholarships at the University of Notre Dame and at St. Mary's college in memory of the late Patrick O'Brien of this city. The foundation amounts to \$15,000 and becomes available immediately. The scholarships were awarded to Frank Mulcahy and Emil Reidman of Rochester, N. Y., seniors.

Marion.—Crist Miste, twenty-seven years old, was struck by a Pennsylvania train near Sweetzer, six miles west of here, receiving injuries to his head and spine which caused death shortly after he was brought to the city hospital here. He had been working for the railroad company and evidently had started to walk to this city. His pockets contained \$128 and papers which disclosed his name and that he had a wife and two children in Macedonia.

Evansville.—Bertis E. Capel, twenty years old, of Shawneetown, Ill., champion typist and former secretary to Governor Deneen of Illinois, was arraigned here in city court on a charge of passing fraudulent checks aggregating \$43.

Marion.—Miss Freda Pratt, nineteen years old, was found by a neighbor on the floor of her home unconscious and suffering from chloroform poisoning. It is thought the poison was taken with intent to commit suicide, but the physician says she will recover.

Shelbyville.—For hunting on the farms of William Pollard and Mrs. Agnes Sykes without permission, fines were assessed here against three men, as follows: Alvin Bush, \$15; Cecil Borders, \$16; and William Fouth, \$26. The men entered pleas of guilty.

GLOW WORMS ANESTHETICS

Before he begins to feast the glow worm administers an anesthetic writes Henri Fabre in the Century. He chloroforms his victim, rivaling in the process the wonders of modern surgery, which render the patient insensible before the surgeon operates on him. The usual game is a small snail, hardly the size of a cherry, which in hot weather collects in clusters on the stiff stubble and other

long, dry stalks by the roadside, remaining there motionless, in profound meditation, throughout the scorching summer days. It is in some such resting place as this that I have often been privileged to light upon the lampyris banqueting on the prey which he had just paralyzed on its shaky support by his surgical artifices.

But he is familiar with other pre-